

OUR DUMB

Animals

AUGUST
1949

"WE LIKE US"

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo: E. W. Jones





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Animals

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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to sixteen lines.

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No manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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Antu and 1080

FOR quite some time, veterinarians at our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, as well as veterinary practitioners elsewhere, have observed a great many cases of poisoning in dogs and cats.

These poison cases have been different from the usual variety brought in for treatment, as evidenced by the experience at the Veterinary College at Ames, Iowa, where, following a rat extermination campaign, in which the poison, *Antu*, was used, 34 dogs poisoned by that preparation were received at the Clinic, and 31 of them died.

Antu, or Alpha-Naphyl Thiourea, is a powder-like substance which can be purchased in many hardware and garden-supply stores, in shaker-top cans. It is toxic for mammals, including rats, dogs and cats, and it only requires 1 gram, or 1/30 of an ounce, to kill a dog weighing 20 to 25 pounds.

It was once thought that dogs would vomit *Antu* before its poisonous properties came into play and, while this is true for dogs with completely empty stomachs, the presence of food from a previous meal so dilutes the poison that its irritation is insufficient to cause vomiting. Its poisonous effects, however, are not lessened by the dilution.

1080, or Sodium Fluoroacetate, is another extremely poisonous substance, without odor or taste. It is also used in rat extermination campaigns, but unfortunately, tests have shown that the dog was the mammal most susceptible. The fatal dose for a dog of 20 to 25 pounds is only 1/1000 of a gram, or 1/30,000 of an ounce. Dogs may be poisoned either by eating the rat bait or by eating poisoned rats. The symptoms of *1080* poisoning in dogs are: (1) Distress is evident, ten to thirty minutes after poison is eaten, (2) vomiting, (3) frenzied yelping and leaping, (4) animals fall to the earth and convulsions begin. Death ensues in from ten minutes to a day or more. *Once symptoms have occurred, there is no cure!*

The extensive use of these two rat poisons has caused untold suffering and death to innumerable dogs and cats throughout the country, and animal-owners are becoming seriously concerned about the widespread use of *Antu* and *1080*. And, well they may! The report of the Rodent Control Sub-Committee states, "Compound *1080* should be used only in commercial and business establishments and on guarded municipal dumps, by carefully-instructed, reliable personnel competently supervised. It is not recommended for use in residential areas, or for distribution in places where the public might be exposed to it."

We wonder how faithfully these recommendations are followed! These two poisons—*Antu* and *1080*—are so dangerous to dogs and cats that Humane Societies in the various states and humanitarians everywhere should demand that restrictive measures be adopted by the different states so that the use of the poisons can be controlled and properly supervised.

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will, after consultation with its attorneys, draw up such regulations and present them to the proper authorities. We hope other states will follow suit.

E.H.H.

"Stogie" Steals a Ride

STOGIE, the frisky little Chihuahua puppy, had a habit of sleeping in the Tidy-Didy laundry bag, although an apple-box bed on the porch of the Sullivan home was her rightful berth.

One night recently, before going to bed, the Sullivans looked to see if Stogie were in her bed. She was. But next morning when Mrs. Sullivan went to feed her, she was gone. Nor could she be found anywhere on the premises. Mrs. Sullivan was frantic. She rushed to the telephone and called her husband.

"You know," said Mr. Sullivan, "that puppy was in the laundry bag, sleeping, when I left this morning. You don't suppose she . . ."

Mrs. Sullivan thought for a moment. The bag hadn't seemed heavy at all when she gave it to the laundry route man, but she called the laundry and asked for Pete Wilkerson, the driver who had picked her laundry up that morning.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Sullivan," Pete said. "That little dog was snuggled up in the laundry bag, as cute as you please. I have her with me now."

Stogie, back home again, enjoying a repast of meat and vegetable soup, seems totally unaware of the anxiety a mere puppy can cause.

—William M. Hall

"Hearing-Ear" Cat

EVERYONE knows the "Seeing-Eye" dog, but I have found the "Hearing-Ear" cat in Jackson Heights, Long Island. The cat's owner uses a hearing aid, but when that is not on her ears, she cannot hear the telephone or door bell. She lives alone except for the companionship of her cat.

He seems, in his psychic-cat way to understand, and, as he is usually wherever his mistress is, he perks up his ears at the ringing sound and keeps them perked till she notices him and answers the bell.

At a recent cat show held in New York, the writer mentioned this cat and several breeders present told her of similar incidents, mentioning the extremely delicate sense of hearing with which cats are endowed. These pets have on numerous occasions served as "ears" for their owners and in their peculiar sensitivity come to know how much their masters depend upon them. Cats are intensely loyal in this respect and in many ways repay in full measure for a good home.

—Rose F. Volk

Story of "Muttie"

By Mrs. Harry C. Webber

It has become too frequent a custom of families coming from the larger cities to New England summer resorts to bring or adopt kittens or puppies for playmates for their children, but upon returning to their homes to leave these animals to roam about unfed and uncared for. This is a practice that all animal protection societies are trying to stop. In the following lines, "Muttie," the cat pictured below, tells his life story to date.

MY name is "Muttie" and I am a good cat.

When I was very young, I was taken away from my mother and given to some nice children for a playmate at their summer home. One day, when I was about half as large as I am now, the family took me in their car and then we rode a very long way. Then they stopped and put me out in the road and drove off and left me.

I was frightened at being in a strange place all alone at night. I did not meow, because only sissy cats cry unless they are hurt. Just then, a kind looking lady came along and I followed her to the door of her house. When she opened the door, I entered and ran into a room where a sick lady was in bed. There I sat down, where she could see my white shirt-front and shining eyes.

How was I to know it was the lady's birthday? Anyway, she said that I might stay because it was her birthday. Now I have a very comfortable home with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Webber of Bath, Maine. I am very happy to have a home where I can play and where I get plenty of good food.

I know I am lucky to find people to love me so soon after my former owners abandoned me and I only hope that other animals are as fortunate.



Photo by Nora L. Smart

Here and There

THE rung of a ladder was never meant to rest upon, but only to hold a man's foot long enough to enable him to put the other somewhat higher.

—Thomas Hurley

I have a dog and his name is Rover—
Rover is a clever pup.
He can stand on his hind legs,
If you hold his fore-legs up.

LOW aims and shallow thoughts are the real tragedies of life . . . If you would accomplish anything in life worthwhile and have a measure of happiness, then choose an ideal, be loyal to it, fight for it with abiding faith, and in time the realization is apt to come. Though it may never come, it matters not. Perhaps it is best that you never fully attain all your ideals. However, you will be a better person because of those ideals, because of the struggle you have made . . . Yes, ideals are the architects of character, the blue-prints of the soul.

—William R. Franklin

ONE man gets nothing but discord out of a piano; another gets harmony. No one claims the piano is at fault. Life is about the same. The discord is there, and the harmony is there. Study to play it correctly, and it will give forth the beauty; play it falsely, and it will give forth the ugliness. Life is not at fault.

—Sunshine Magazine

FIVE fundamental errors: that the world owes every man a living, that manual labor produces all wealth, that all men are equal, that every man who makes money is a success, that employers are the logical enemies of employees.

—William J. H. Boetcker

THE Constitution of the United States only guarantees pursuit of happiness — you have to catch up with it yourself. Fortunately, happiness depends not on position but on disposition, and life is what you make it.

—Gill Robb Wilson

Campus Canines

By Jim Wallace

SOME of the most popular people at the University of Oregon aren't students or teachers, at all — rather, they're the campus dogs. Most of them are mascots and pets in fraternity houses and dormitories; others just drift. But no matter what their degree, their habits, or their looks, they get more attention lavished upon them than could ever be the lot of the most charming of campus co-eds. Together, they represent almost every breed and cross-breed in the book.

Acknowledged ruler of the "college dogs" for many years was "Smoky," mascot of Phi Delta Theta fraternity. Smoky, a stray German Shepherd, came to the campus about 1935. At first, he was just a straggler, but his winning ways very soon endeared him to the hearts of a few students and it wasn't long before he was pledged and initiated into the fraternity of his choice. Soon he was a tradition. He went to classes, had a place of honor at pep rallies, rode the Queen's float at Homecoming and, in general,



Photo by W. Kirk Braun

The keg hanging from her neck is Snowbelle's "party dress."



Photo by W. Kirk Braun

"Smoky II," namesake of Oregon's most famous campus dog, is always a center of attraction, especially when he's hungry. Here he is being fed some of his favorite tidbits by a group of Oregon students.

lorded it over younger dogs and those lowly students of the Freshman class.

Smoky was getting along in years when the war came and called his masters to army camps and naval bases. The big white house where Smoky lived was turned into a girls' dormitory and Smoky was doubly unhappy. He was a man's dog and he missed his young masters. He'd never particularly liked the feminine members of the student body, anyway. He yearned for the men and the old-time rough-housing.

The war stretched on and Smoky was getting stiff with age. His teeth were too weak to gnaw bones and he shivered as he stood guard on a knoll overlooking the campus. But Smoky had made up his mind that he wouldn't die. His responsibilities were too great. He hung on until his masters returned from war. He knew then that the campus was safe, and he quit his lonely guard. The whole college mourned his passing.

There's another Smoky now, another German Shepherd called "Smoky II," but he's still a long way from filling the pawprints of "Old Smoke."

Another campus favorite came along after the war. She's a huge, big-footed, lop-eared, lovable St. Bernard, named "Snowbelle," mascot of

Phi Kappa Psi fraternity. Two years ago, when Snowbelle was just a puppy, someone entered her in the Junior Weekend Queen contest as a joke.

But it wasn't a joke when the students' votes were counted. The St. Bernard was the campus' second choice for Queen of the spring holiday. She was disqualified because she didn't have junior standing, but she became the unofficial campus hostess. Now, she rides the parade floats as Old Smoke used to do.

Some dog always gets on the field during every Oregon football game. One Saturday afternoon there was a little white wire-haired terrier that just couldn't be kept out of the players' way. Officials chased him off, but he was right back, always heading for the same spot in the middle of the field. Finally, the referee went to see what the dog was after. There, buried in the soft turf, was a bone that the terrier had hidden the day before.

The most studious campus dog was "Fritz," a dachshund. Fritz was only on the campus two years, but in that time he attended more classes than any student. He even got a grade card from one professor, who commented, "the dog is bright, but often guilty of sleeping through the lecture."



Photo by Arthur Center

Barn owl in its nest under the trestle deck across the Santa Fe's underpass.

Owl and the Engine

By Arthur L. Center

MANY a tale has been written about the owl. Our literature is full of legends about the weird and spooky voices of these birds, their silence and wisdom, and their haunted-house associations.

Well, here is a story that is different. Contrary to general belief, it shows up the owl as a sociable bird, although it is known to withdraw from other feathered creatures.

This is a strange, but true episode about an owl and a passenger train. Our feathered hero is a barn owl and the passenger train is one of the Santa Fe streamliners that makes several runs between Los Angeles and San Diego.

A far cry from the seclusion found around a haunted house or old deserted barn, the locale of our story is in the open brush country, about fifteen miles north of San Diego, California, close to the Marine Corps Rifle Range. Underneath a trestle-bridge would not be considered the ideal spot for complete relaxation and silence—especially when it is the bridge just before the Linda Vista station where the noise of trains below, automobiles above and the sound of gunfire in the distance is heard.

Yet, this is the spot where the barn owl has chosen to live. Like an old tenement dweller of the New York slums, the feathered creature abides amid the noise and smoke of the railroads, but unlike his eastern human counterpart this particular owl has no desire to improve his living conditions. In a make-shift home, composed of a few sticks, feathers, bones and refuse too big to be eaten, he appears to live in contentment and peace.

However, things remain peaceful only when the tracks are silent, for as soon as he discovers, by some supersonic sound device that the iron horse is coming, the owl perks its head, flaps its wings in greeting and shrieks in tune with the train whistle.

An old legend of the ancient Tuscans credits the owl with guiding the souls of men to paradise. It would be nice to believe, without being superstitious, that perhaps the barn owl who aids the farmers by devouring rats, gophers and other small crop destroyers is, by his peculiar manners, wishing and aiding the streamliner safely to its destination.

"Dear Dog Man"

ALLEGHENY County Treasurer Charles F. Dinan, of Pittsburgh, Pa., himself a dog lover of no mean degree, has always held a warm spot in his heart for fellow members of the clan, whether they fancy the pedigreed variety, or just plain run-of-the-mine mongrels. Now, in addition to his other duties as County Treasurer, Mr. Dinan is required to collect license fees for dogs in Allegheny County, outside of Pittsburgh.

Recently (and thereby hangs a "tail," which is wagging in happiness at the moment), Mr. Dinan received a letter from Castle Shannon, just beyond the city limits, which made a deep impression in his big heart.

"Dear Dog Man," it said: "I read in the papers where you have to buy a license for your dog, and so I am writing for some advice.

"My dog is a tan and white male dog — a shepherd—about five and a half years old. I know that a license for 'Brutus' (his name) costs \$1.10, but for the past year he has had a stiff right front leg, and cannot run about too much. Can I get a license at a cheaper rate, because Brutus stays in the house most of the time? It's that darned arthritis that is the cause."

In due course the letter was brought to the attention of Mr. Dinan, and here is the "Dog Man's" answer:

"Dear Friend: Enclosed herewith is a 1949 license for your Brutus, with my compliments. I sincerely hope that Brutus' health improves to the point where he will get full value from this license. My best wishes to you both. Yours very truly, (signed) Charles F. Dinan, County Treasurer."

Ever since he can remember Mr. Dinan has owned a dog, at least six having come and gone. This is why the man's letter touched him so deeply, as was evidenced by his reply.

At present Mr. Dinan and his family are lavishing their affection on a cocker spaniel just two years old. Although it is a recent comer, one of Mr. Dinan's Christmas gifts to his daughter, they all hope to have it romping around for a long time, "or," as Mr. Dinan puts it, "even longer." His daughter, of course, seconds the motion.

—William R. Mitchel

Ancient Animal Cemeteries

PERMANENT resting places for animals are nothing new. Ancient Egypt may have started the idea, with its many cemeteries for sacred animals — dogs, cats, birds, and even fish.

One of the largest of Egypt's animal cemeteries was found by workers excavating the ancient city named for the goddess Bubastis. The cat was sacred to Bubastis, herself cat-headed (or sometimes lion-headed), and so here in her own city there was a burial ground for her favorite animal. It proved to be well-filled with mummified cats, some placed carefully in small, cat-shaped coffins.

Other locations in Egypt have disclosed areas in which hundreds of sacred ibis, embalmed like humans, were laid to rest.

There was a cemetery for sacred fish where now stands the modern city of Behnesa, in central Egypt. The ancient city was even named for the sacred fish—Oxyrhynchus.

Besides having special cemeteries, animals were often embalmed and placed in tombs of important persons. Throughout the Nile Valley there are tombs sheltering the mummies of baboons. The baboon was a sacred animal in this section of early Egypt. —Ida M. Pardue

IT was one of those nights native Californians describe as "unusual." Anywhere else, the breeze that ripped limbs from trees and pelted the house with green oranges, would have been called a cyclone.

The dogs, "Mr. Blue" and "Buddy Bearskin" had followed me to the chicken corral, but I was so busy anchoring the outdoor brooders that I lost track of them. I had just nailed the hen house door shut, when there came a report like discharged dynamite.

I ran for the house, calling the dogs to follow and sat down to candle the eggs. It was right then that the wind, with a mighty exhalation, roared itself out. Then came the rain. No gentle patter of tiny drops heralded its approach. With a swoosh and a clatter it was there as though it had been lurking behind the wind, waiting its chance to strike.

All during this uproar, Mr. Blue had been pacing the floor, going to the door every few seconds. "Do you want to get drowned?" I asked him crossly. "Stay in where at least it's warm and dry." But Mr. Blue was determined to go out and I let him have his way.

It was as black as the inside of a stovepipe and the light from the open door showed the yard inches deep in water. I saw Mr. Blue plunge through it and disappear in the direction of the grove. He was gone perhaps five minutes, then his urgent scratching indicated he was in a big hurry to get in. The minute I opened the door, he shot past me and made straight for the living room, dripping mud and water every step.

After him I went and it was then that I saw the head of something with a wide open mouth protruding from his jaws. "Put it down," I commanded. Instead of obeying, Mr. Blue backed away, all the while glaring at Buddy, who was just as curious as I was.

"I won't let him have it," I promised. "Put it down."

Reluctantly, he laid the little animal on a chair and bared his teeth as Buddy approached. I picked the little thing up and then it dawned on me that it was a newly born puppy — wet and cold.

"You certainly picked a fine time to get born," I told it as I wrapped it in a sweater and put it in a pan over the stove to keep warm.

By this time, Mr. Blue was in a flurry to go out again. "So, there are more where that came from, eh?" I said, and putting on my husband's rubber boots and slicker, I followed Mr. Blue with a flashlight, past the chicken houses, the brooders and the wood pile. At the skirts of an orange tree, he stopped and looked back at me.

"Fine place for a maternity ward," I grumbled, and stopping, I played the light around. There, close to the trunk of the tree was a little yellow dog shivering with cold and evidently in pain. A newborn puppy lay between her front paws and her bared teeth dared me to come nearer.

Squatting there in the mud, I talked to her and made soothing noises, and all the while rain was pouring down my collar.

"This can't go on," I told myself, and finding a rag in one of the coat pockets, I wrapped it around my hand just in case "Mama" misinterpreted my intentions.

She was quite docile, however, when I removed the puppy from her paws and gave it to Mr. Blue. Then, with her in my arms, I backed out from under the tree on my knees. By the time we got back to the house, the dogs and I were as wet as though we had been immersed in a river.

I allowed Mr. Blue to care for the puppy—which he did with enthusiasm, while I dried the mother and made her comfortable in an egg crate. At first, she was so miserable that she allowed us to keep the puppies, but when

"Mr. Blue," Hero

by Ina Loney Morris



Richard Peel, the little dog's owner, rewards Mr. Blue by reading him a story from *Our Dumb Animals*.

she had had warm milk and had made over her bed to suit her, she began to fret and to watch Mr. Blue as though she didn't trust him with her offspring.

I had quite a tussle with Mr. Blue in getting the puppy away from him. The role of baby sitter evidently appealed to him and it was only by main force that I retrieved the youngster and returned it to its mother.

By the time I had Mr. Blue dried off, the floor mopped and had taken a bath, the family had swelled to four.

"If this keeps on," I told our visitor, "I'll have to look for a larger box." But that was all, and after a while mother and children settled down to sleep, with Mr. Blue hanging his big head over the box so that he wouldn't miss anything.

Around midnight, my husband returned home from town. I was still candling eggs and Mr. Blue was still hanging his head over the box.

"What's this?" Jack asked, when Mr. Blue failed to greet him.

"Mother and quadruplets," I told him. "And all doing nicely. Mr. Blue is the hero of the hour. He went through the storm to get them."

Winged Victory

By William A. Weigel

WE were sitting on the sand at Rosarito Beach, some twenty miles below the border in Baja, California, when our attention was directed to a flock of low-flying birds, similar to sandpipers, only smaller in legs and body. A Mexican horseman was riding along the water's edge, accompanied by his dog.

Suddenly, the dog started after the birds, running for all he was worth. Never flying more than a few feet above the sand, the birds were always just a few yards beyond the dog's reach. Yet, the dog was so near to them that no matter which way they flew he was always upon them so they couldn't stop to rest.

Then, a strange and intelligent thing happened. The dog was outwitted. The birds, obviously tiring from the chase, split up into two groups, one group flying to the right and the other to the left. The dog turned and chased the ones to the right. Whereupon, the birds that turned to the left settled on the sand.

The group that flew to the right made a wide, sweeping circle, coming back near where the first group had come to rest. Immediately, that group took to the air, with the dog in pursuit.

The dog, at last too tired to continue the chase, gave up and again walked by the horseman along the water's edge until they were out of sight.

Rodents Safe in Japan

A FRAID of rats and mice? Life in a modern Japanese home would disturb you no end. For, in Japan, today, just as a thousand or more years ago, superstition allows at least one rodent to live unmolested in each home.

These creatures are not pets in any sense of the word. But age-old belief claims that they are the source of good luck, and that the house without any of these "charms" will have none.

As one of the twelve Japanese Zodiac signs, the rat even influences the planting of rice, with interpretations differing in localities. For instance, in some sections of Japan, the farmers would not dream of planting rice on the Day of the Rat, believing starvation to be the penalty for such a wrong. Then, in other localities, rice is planted on the Day of the Rat without fear, but not on the Day of the Ox.

—Ida M. Pardue

Assistant Station Agent

By Joseph Lee

THE hot summer sun had just gone down over the little Santa Fe Railroad station, of Peach Springs, Arizona, when a young dog came straggling into the office of the lonely station agent. The dog was bruised and blood dripped from his pads. His coat was matted with burrs and he had evidently been walking a long distance.

The kindly agent, a lover of animals, treated the poor dog. He bound up the pads, fed and watered him and made up a bed for him. When the dog recovered, he stayed on at the office with the agent, who named him "Jack."

As time went on, to relieve the monotony, the agent began to teach Jack some tricks. One of the most disliked of all the agent's jobs was the recovery of the train order hoops thrown from the passing trains after the orders were detached. These hoops were made in the shape of a large figure "9" and the orders were clipped into the crotch. The large loop of the hoop made it possible for the trainmen to pass their arms through, and pick up the hoop while the train continued on its way.

After the hoops were taken aboard the train, the conductor or flagman would unclip the orders, and throw the hoops off, to be retrieved by the agent, and used again. Sometimes, depending on the speed of the trains, the order hoop could be carried quite a distance along the track, making it necessary for the agent to do quite a lot of walking to get it.

Patiently, the agent taught Jack to go out after each train and get back all the order hoops.

One time Jack was trotting slowly alongside the caboose of a local freight, the conductor having just received the hoops from the agent. He was standing on the steps of the caboose, reading his orders when he felt the hoop jerked from his grasp. It seemed that Jack got impatient and jumping up, seized the hoop in his jaw and then unconcernedly trotted back to the agent's office with his precious cargo.

Jack was well versed in the routine of the office. At times, when an approaching train would sound its whistle, asking for orders, Jack would begin whining, and pace worriedly back and forth. If the agent had no orders, and was obviously going to do nothing about the train, Jack would work himself into a veritable frenzy. He would come up to the desk where all the work was received over the telegraph and begin to nuzzle the agent, practically pleading for the orders to be made up.

Jack remained on the job with the agent and with several of the agents who followed the original one into the job. He was liked by all the men on the division and many of the diner car crews saved choice scraps of food for him.

When he died, the superintendent sent a personal note of condolence to the agent at the time, and Jack was buried within sight and sound of the lonely little office to which he had become so firmly attached.

Odd · Facts · in · Rime

By CARROLL VAN COURT

Sketch by Bill Sagermann

Open and Shut

A jellyfish has little flesh;
When dried, there's not much left;
He doesn't look like very much,
But still, he's rather deft.

He'll open, and then close himself,
Just like a real umbrella;
For this is how he swims along—
Funny little fellal





One of the oldest breeds of canines is the—

Basenji, the Barkless Dog

By Dr. Rolland B. Moore

NOT many people, especially those in the small towns and on the farms but have been awake on still, moonlight nights and have heard the distant barking of a dog, then heard another join in on the chorus and then still another take up the refrain, until, at times, they might almost wish that dogs were born barkless. Well, they may not know it, but there is one breed of dogs that is unable to bark. This so-called barkless dog is the Basenji.

Basenjis are, without any doubt, one of the oldest breeds of domesticated dogs known to man. On the ancient tombs of the early Egyptians, dating back thousands of years, there are engravings and pictures of dogs of the Basenji breed which show their characteristic curly tails, reminding one of pigs' tails.

In general appearance, the Basenjis are small and lightly built, about like the better known fox terrier, averaging sixteen or seventeen inches in height. A short-haired dog, the coat is usually a peculiar red in color, a most unusual red for a dog, reminding one of burnished copper. White markings only seem to accentuate the prevail-

ing color. Their ears are usually perked forward, giving them an inquisitive look. Still another peculiarity of the Basenjis is that they do not have that doggy smell, to which some people object, but rather smell more like horses. They are unusually clean dogs, fastidiously cleaning themselves with their tongues after the manner of cats. A Basenji will spend half a night washing and cleaning himself, if he has become dirty during the day.

Some breeds of dogs are especially sensitive to censure and the Basenji is of that type. It seems almost to break a Basenji's heart to be scolded or spoken to harshly, its characteristic wrinkles on the forehead accentuating its pathetic expression.

Although the Basenjis are such an ancient race of dogs, their history dating back into antiquity, it seemed at one time that the breed had disappeared off the face of the earth. Then, in 1895, some explorers in the Belgian Congo noticed that the pygmies were using a very peculiar appearing dog in their expeditions. The explorers had never seen such queer looking dogs before. Pictures of them

were taken and compared with the pictures and engravings on the tombs of the Pharaohs. In this way the breed was identified. The name was verified through scrolls taken from the tombs.

That same year an attempt was made to import these dogs to England. One pair was brought in, but distemper claimed their lives and Basenjis were not heard of again until some forty years later when these dogs were successfully brought both to England and America.

The Basenji is destined to become extremely popular among canine circles. Its great intelligence, cleverness, cleanliness and love for children well adapt it to becoming an all-round pet. It must not be supposed that the Basenji is entirely without voice. To be sure, it does not bark, but rather emits what might be described as a sort of chortle or yodel.

The picture above shows "Gabby of Rhosenji" and her family. They are owned by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Boord, of Leon, Iowa. Mrs. Boord says that unlike other breeds of dogs, her Basenji never attempts to lick one's face or hands and if handed a piece of food, never attempts to grab it, but nibbles it like a deer would do.



Photo by Stephen Greene

"PORKY" COMES CALLING

We Want to O



Photo by Grover Brinkman

SECOND-STORY CANINE

This dog should be in the fire department. He climbs ladders like a veteran.



Photo by Mrs. W. A. Hill
Boston Sunday Post Snapshot Contest

TINKLE, TINKLE!

Another cat has his own private signal. He jumps to the platform and rings the bell.

Photo by Mrs. H. M. Pearl

STEEPLE-JACK

When this enterprising cat wants to come in, he climbs the side of the house and peeks in the window.



Acme Photo

PRIVATE ENTRANCE

It's no trick for this cat to climb the bricks and enter his home through the mail box.

Photo by Violet B. Carlson
Boston Sunday Post Snapshot Contest

FOUR FOR DINNER

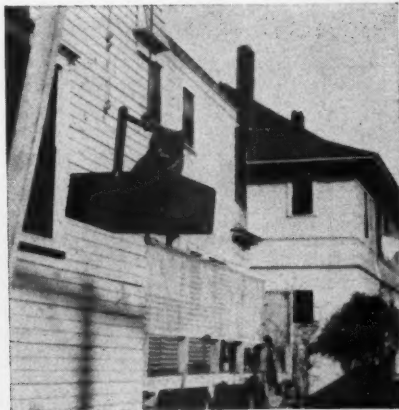
Come in, Please!



Photo by E. B. Whitting

STORM ENTRANCE

Family cat climbs to box, then enters house by way of a flap door in the window.



GOING UP!

There's nothing like a private elevator, especially when the family lives on the second floor.

Photo by Don Robinson
Boston Daily Record

OPEN UP!

Let me in, darn you! If I could only reach that door knob, I'd do it myself.



Press Association

KNOCK, KNOCK!

This kitty clangs the mail-slot door as a signal that he wants to come in.



Never a Dull Moment

By William A. Clough

HIS name is "Colonel J. Alphonse Splutterfuss." It was tied to him when he was too young to protest. Soon it was shortened to "Splut," because you can't very well go to the back door and call, "Here, Colonel J. Alphonse Splutterfuss" half a dozen times without arousing suspicion among the neighbors that you're a bit daft.

As it is, when I open the door and yell "SPLUT!" into the darkness, my wife shivers and says it sounds exactly like that "awful" British expletive. When I vary it by using a long U, my daughter thinks she's listening to Hitler's ghost.

Either way, Splut pays no attention. He comes in when he gets ready. The only way we can bring him home at a given hour is to put him on his honor. He's a cat of his word. If we lift up his chin and look him in the eye and say, "Splut, promise to come back by 10 o'clock," he is back at the specified hour. If he can get out without taking the pledge, he stays the night.

He sleeps like an angel, alternating on beds, chairs and the piano bench, but all his waking moments are full of mischief, expressed or unexpressed. When we find him on the breakfast table drinking orange juice, he looks as innocent as a movie starlet. He loves to yank the draw cord and let the window shade go up with a bang while we're saying grace.

Another penchant is moving pictures. He gets up on the backs of chairs or on bookcases and moves every picture within paw reach.



"Splut" sleeps like an angel, alternating on beds, chairs and the piano bench and he lets you know in no uncertain terms if you happen to be occupying the spot he has chosen for a nap.

When he gets them at the proper rakish angle, he sits back and admires.

The other day he climbed out a bedroom window onto the porch roof. He sat down and meditated. Then he walked to the edge and peered over. It's about 10 feet to the ground. He came slowly back and sat down. Suddenly, he dashed full speed down the roof and sailed out into space like a flying squirrel. We rushed down to pick up the remains, but he walked in the kitchen door with the air of saying, "By George, I knew I could do it."

Splut has no use for animals of any breed or species. He treats every cat like a dog and the way he treats dogs is a disgrace to canine dignity. There is just one unsubdued enemy, a big Airedale that scared the "night-lights" out of him the first time the dog appeared in the neighborhood. But Splut is working on the problem now and Heaven help that Airedale when he gets his strategy worked out.

Splut started life in reverse by being born at an undertaker's. He didn't exactly come into the world in a hearse, but the vehicle was one of the first things he saw when he got around to open his eyes. His mother, the reigning queen of a grocery store

catering to the kind of customers who prefer to pay more for the same thing, always seeks out the mortician's in her hour of trial and Splut is one of the many lulled to sleep by funeral marches on the organ.

His father was a wandering minstrel with a reckless gleam in his yellow eyes and whiskers that curled at the ends. Splut is about one-fifth Persian and four-fifths alley. He came to us unchristened when he was six weeks old, as a gift of our friend, the undertaker's wife.

He showed his individuality immediately by refusing to be fondled. When we tried to pet him he "sissed" and his vibrating tail wig-wagged, "Keep your dirty hands off me."

Splut was about a year old when he took his first bath in the bathtub. That was a memorable day. He had had half a can of his favorite dog food and a little rice pudding with whipped cream for dessert. He licked both plates and went out and brought back a live field mouse just to show his independence.

I was drawn hurriedly from the study by a wifely shriek from the kitchen: "Get this thing out of here! Get it out! It's alive!" I set the rodent at liberty and Splut leered at me and went upstairs.

My train of thought was derailed again a little later by another shriek, this time with more joy than alarm in it. "Just come up here and look at this cat!"

Splut had discovered a drip from the cold water faucet in the tub. When I arrived, he was sitting under it, alternately drinking and washing his neck and ears. I handed him a cake of soap, but he ignored it and went on laving. We shut off the water and got him a towel.

He will ignore a bowl of fresh water on the floor and go and drink from the sink. He'll stare disdainfully at choice Columbia River salmon and go into snorting ecstasies over a dish of turnips. When it comes to fish, he prefers to catch his own.

But, there is never a dull moment when Splut is on the move. I can see him out of my window right now, transplanting some of my wife's tenderly nurtured Swiss Giant pansy plants.

He's a card. I wish we knew how to deal with him.

Gardener's Friend

With his warty skin
And his goggle eyes,
A frog would take
No beauty prize.

But "handsome is
As handsome does";
Just let him hear
An insect's buzz,

By Irene U. Hartwell

And zip! That insect
Meets his end!
A hop toad is
The gardener's friend!

Pets in Place of Pills

By Irma Hegel

THE little girl had had a serious operation on her leg and was recuperating far too slowly. For the third successive day, she pushed her food tray from her.

"Nursie, please don't make me eat," she pleaded. "I want to go home. I want to see my fishies."

The nurse smiled. "But we have fish here at the hospital, too, Betty. If you eat your dinner, I'll wheel you down the corridor to see them this very afternoon."

Brightening, Betty reached for her tray and began eating. That afternoon, true to her promise, the nurse placed the little girl in an invalid chair and wheeled her down the long white hall to a glass container where Silver Barbs, Striped Barbs, Black Mollies and Red Moons darted about.

An aquarium like that is on every floor in Children's Hospital, in Akron, Ohio. Every day, bandaged youngsters, boys and girls on crutches, children pale from long sieges of illness crowd about the glass containers, watching the fish for hours at a time. Often a tot will pat the outside of the glass as if petting the lively colored occupants inside.

In St. Thomas Hospital in this same city of Akron, a kindly nun's canary is often brought into a patient's room to warble a cheerful song. The smiles that this feathered songster has brought to faces tense from suffering are legion.

Two years ago in the Wooster State Hospital, a litter of double-pawed kittens was born. The patients, all mental cases, took a keen delight in watching the furry mites. In my visits to that institution I never saw kittens receive more attention or more tender care than from these mentally ill.

Birds, fish, cats and dogs all have a therapeutic value in the sick room. They help speed the recovery of the patient. They cheer. They bring the warm flavor of home to the coldest institution. Perhaps the day is not far distant when pets will become a real part of every recuperative program.

Certain it is that animals have a universal appeal, especially to children. It has been illustrated time and time again that children who have pets tend to become more thoughtful of others. Animals, it seems, must be a boon to mental hygiene.

Furthermore, the child who is taught to be kind to animals will be kind to his fellow humans.

Dogs at Work By H. P. Behnke

BOB," a dog of the London waterfront, helps his master to dock the great freighters that pull into the Thames River. These freighters throw light lines to the dock tenders to be followed by heavier lines for tying up the ships. Sometimes these lines, known as heaving lines, fall into the river and that's where Bob comes in handy. Quickly, he leaps into the river and grabs the line in his teeth. With all four paws churning furiously, he swims back to his master with the rope.

Bob is well known for his ability to get the heaving line even in the foggiest of London's weather. His keen ears seem to pick out the spot where the miscast line has fallen, and he unerringly brings the light rope back. Bob enjoys his waterfront

work and a couple of pats on his head from his master are pay enough for him.

Another dog, named "Frisk," a bull terrier, is being used in Ireland to discover a black market in birds. Many of these birds were found being sent to England, which is illegal, so Frisk was put on the job of pointing out the packages with the birds in them.

In his eight-hour working day, this dog sniffs around the packages which are waiting to be shipped. Many of them he passes up, as they contain nothing of interest to him, but let his keen nose scent a bird and he starts sniffing in earnest around the parcel. That's when the law steps in and opens the package. Frisk has a good average of success in his war against the black marketeers.



Hitchhiking Dog . . By LeRoy Steinkamp

IT is not at all unusual to see a dog drive a herd of cattle, but when it hitchhikes a ride, it is unusual, indeed. That is just what Kenneth Nobe, who lives near Venedy, Illinois, has taught his dog to do. The dog was very good at this trick and could stay on the back of a cow, even though the latter might be running. And, strangely enough, the cows didn't seem to mind, at all.

Although the dog and cows have grown much older, and Kenneth has grown up and joined the United States Air Force, the memories are still vivid in the minds of all who have seen the dog ride a cow or bicycle, which latter he could do equally well, holding fast to the handlebars with his front feet. The picture shows the youthful Kenneth, his dog and bovine taxicab.



Animal Club Reunion

SATURDAY morning, June 4, at 11:00 o'clock, the beautiful new spacious quarters of the Humane Education Department on the second floor of the Societies' headquarters, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, were dedicated and filled to overflowing with a happy group of girls and boys of the Animal Club of the Air, their parents and friends. It was the occasion of the third annual reunion and party of the Animal Club of the Air, under the leadership of Mr. Albert A. Pollard, the Societies' Director of Education.

Due to the never-failing interest and generosity of Mr. Pote, General Manager of Radio Station WMEX, sponsor of the Club, a radio hookup direct from the Educational Assembly room at Longwood Avenue was set up. An enthusiastic greeting from all present went over the air to the members in far-off places. Mr. Pollard introduced Dr. Eric H. Hansen, President, who spoke briefly on plans for greater use of the new quarters for Humane Education, not only for the schools, but for Girl and Boy Scouts and other youth organizations.

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, Chairman of the Board, captivated his audience with his inimitable humor and deep feeling and reverence for all lowly

creatures who suffer from man's inhumanity.

Mr. Pollard then interviewed Jack Simmons of the Michael Driscoll School of Brookline. Jack is genuinely interested in animals and has formed an animal club. He is an excellent student, and the librarian is hard put to find new books on animals for him to read. Jack told of two experiences when persuasive words were not enough to prevent unkind acts toward helpless animals, and he was obliged to rough it up bodily in their defense. At present he wants to become a veterinarian and is awaiting the day when he is old enough for summer work at the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital.

Mr. John A. Kobb, leader of Pack 7 of the Cub Scouts of Cambridge, was present with 32 Cubs as special guests. Ned Rowe, one of the members of the Pack, ably spoke of a Cub's relationship with animals and was the envy of all girls and boys present, for he has a pony of his own, about which he had many interesting comments.

Mr. Hans Tossutti, pioneer in dog training in this country, held the attention of all as he appeared on the platform with his two dogs. He explained that with kindness and pa-

Society and

tience any dog, whether it be a pedigreed show dog or a lovable household pet with uncertain ancestry, is a better dog if it is trained to obey simple commands, and makes for closer companionship and saves a dog from the hazards of automobile traffic. The dogs demonstrated to the delight of all, without a single mistake, the commands of heel, coming when called from a distance, and staying in a sit and down position.

Mr. Pollard then announced that the M. S. P. C. A. would be glad to sponsor, at cost, dog-training classes for girls and boys of at least 12 years of age, during such times of the year as classes can be held outdoors. He expressed the hope that someone may provide much-needed indoor quarters at a nominal cost for dog-training of simple commands during the winter months.

Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely, of the staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, in an informal and friendly way, won the hearts of his youthful audience by his clear explanation of first aid and proper care of animals. Peter Blakely, one of his sons, was celebrating his 12th birthday and was present with some of his friends of the Stephen Palmer School of Needham. For the remaining ten minutes of the half-hour broadcast, hands of members were raised all over the room, seeking answers from Dr. Blakely to problems and questions relating to animals.

After the broadcast, ice cream — the gift of a friend — was served and animal films in color and sound were shown on the screen. The group was then conducted through the Hospital and its many departments, visiting the patients, one of which was a splendid horse. This provided a new experience for many as to what is being done for sick and injured animals in the largest Hospital of its kind in the world. Finally, the time came to say "good-bye" and as everyone passed through the gates there were choruses of excited voices — "Thanks a lot for a wonderful time," and "we shall never forget to be kind to animals."

Service News

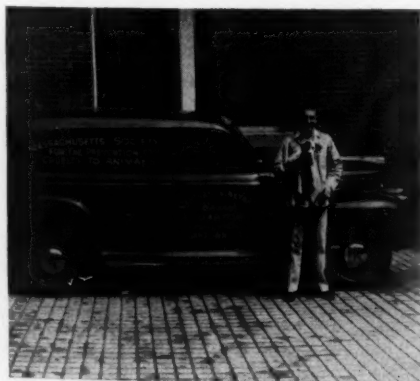
Veterinarian Notes

DR. Gerry B. Schnelle, Assistant Chief of Staff of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, addressed the California State Veterinary Medical Association at Santa Monica, California, his subjects being "Medical and Surgical Care of Aged Animals" and "X-Ray Diagnostics in Small Animal Practice."

Dr. Coffin, pathologist at the Hospital, presented "A Discussion of the Infectious Diseases of the Dog" at the Vermont Conference for Veterinarians at Lake Morey. These diseases are now being studied at the Hospital in a research program devoted to the infectious diseases of the dog.

Cat Rescued

THE auditorium of Classical High School in Springfield one day echoed to the mysterious mewing of a cat, but no cat could be seen. Finally Mr. Charles B. Marsh, agent of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. in that city, was called. After exploring and listening, it was determined that the mewing was coming from the bottom of a twenty-foot ventilator, so John Durkin of the Society was lowered down the shaft on a long rope, and sure enough he found a small black kitten at the bottom of the shaft. No explanation was forthcoming as to how the kitten arrived in its perilous position but it was very grateful for its rescue.



Martha's Vineyard ambulance

August 1949



One of the airy dog wards at the Vineyard, showing nurse with patient.

Martha's Vineyard

WITH the advent of the summer season and the arrival of summer visitors to the Island, the call for service at the Martha's Vineyard Branch of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been on the increase and Miss Katherine M. Foote, as manager, and Dr. W. D. Jones, in charge of the Hospital, have been kept very busy caring for animals brought in for treatment and stray or unwanted animals.

Dr. Jones also serves as prosecuting officer for that district and is ready to respond to calls for investigation

of any case where an animal is thought to be suffering. In the past five months he has traveled 829 miles in responding to such calls.

Martha's Vineyard also serves the island of Nantucket and sick animals are brought to the Hospital for treatment in specially constructed crates and, later, when they have recovered, are returned to their owners.

Miss Katherine Cornell, who has taken an active interest in this Branch of our Society since its inception, has again kindly consented to act as Chairman of our special drive for funds to carry on the work.

Mrs. Woodward

WITH the passing of Mrs. Howard Woodward of Taunton, Mass., the animals themselves and the Societies devoted to their care and protection have lost a good and loyal friend. Always zealous in her efforts to better conditions in their behalf, she was, for many years, a valued member of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and Secretary of the New England Federation of Humane Societies.

The Society extends its warmest sympathy to her husband and family in their loss.



Exercise cages for dogs

CHILDREN'S PAGE

By Boys and Girls

NOW we want you to write for us. If you are fifteen years old or under and have written or want to write a poem or story about animals, you are eligible to compete for a place on this page. Each piece must be very short, and, of course, your very own composition. Each contribution must be accompanied by a note from your teacher stating that the writing is original with you. Also, if you have a picture of yourself and your pet, send that, too. Of course we cannot promise to print everything received but the judges will pick out the ones they think the best.

All letters should be addressed to Boys and Girls Editor, OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. We cannot return or acknowledge unused contributions, but we shall do our best to print the best stories, poems and pictures received.

Following are a few samples of stories and verse written by children. Can you do better than these boys and girls? Try it.

Kittens Three

By Patricia Meade

*I had a mother kitty,
Little kitties, too
And all the little kitties
Would cry mew, mew, mew.*

*One was a gray one,
One was yellow,
One was a tiger—
They were fine fellows.*

*The gray one was "Smoky,"
The yellow he was "Honey,"
The tiger he was "Pokey,"
And oh they were funny.*



Little sister watches over "Kittens Three."

Nursing My Dog

By James Every (Grade 6)

YESTERDAY, when I came home from school my dog could not come to greet me. He had a thorn in his back foot. Every once in awhile he would give a low cry. I said to myself, "I've got to do something about it." So I got some tweezers and tried to pull it out. Although it hurt me to hurt him, it would be much better to have pain for a minute or two. Finally I got it out. I bathed his foot in warm water. Then I put a bandage on his foot so that it wouldn't hurt.

I didn't do such a bad job.

Little Lost Dog

By James Theron Emmitt (Age 11)

ONCE upon a time there was a little dog that was left alone to care for himself and find a home. The little dog didn't know where to go. Someone came along. The little dog followed the little boy and came to school. It came to the door. One of the pupils let it in. We fixed it a bed in a box, and we fed it its dinner.

A person wanted it and said he would take good care of it. So we let him have the little dog. He gave it a home, so the little dog lived happy and gay.

"Chippy"

By Shirley Bressor (Age 9)

THERE was a squirrel that lived in my back yard. He was a very thin squirrel. We started to feed him and he became very tame. Every morning, when my mother got up, he would come and scratch on the back screen door and she would give him a cookie or a cracker. After a while he would eat right out of our hands and he became very fat.

My Picture

By Samuel Merrill, Jr. (Age 9)

I HAD my picture taken last winter. I was taken out in the snow and put on a sled with grain on it. My master, Samuel, pulled the sled a little. It scared me, but I went right on eating. The sled jerked again. I jumped off and ran to the chicken cage. My master caught me and put me on the sled again. I jumped off and walked slowly toward the cage. I looked up and saw Samuel holding a black box with a piece of glass in the center up to his eye. Then I heard a click and my picture was taken. I was taken back, and put in the cage.

I am a Plymouth Rock hen. My name is "Orange."

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CHILDREN'S PAGE



"SHERLOCK" MOTHERS NEIGHBORHOOD KITTENS . . . By MRS. BARRY T. WATSON

"Sherlock," of no definite breed, is a "catnapper." His career started at the age of three months, when he marched proudly into the kitchen with a small, dirty kitten in his mouth and deposited it in his feeding pan. Since then he has brought grief to more than fifteen feline mothers. Most of the time we are able to restore the kittens to their mothers and all is forgiven. However, with his latest

kitten victim, "Bado," shown in the picture, we had no such luck.

Barry, Jr., was delighted, but his rabbit, "Mr. Pepper Bean," wasn't much impressed. Bado washes Pepper's face and ears and uses Sherlock for a bed. All three like to ride in the car and Sherlock never allows other dogs to get near when we take them to the park for Pepper to eat clover.

Do Not Disturb!

ONE day the Rev. H. S. Verrells, rector of a church in Ringsfield, Suffolk, England, was preparing for his Sunday service, when what should he find but nesting robins in the lectern. He must be fond of birds, because rather than destroy the nest, he posted a notice on the church door, asking visitors not to disturb the robins.

So for several Sundays now he has read the Lesson from a pocket Bible, standing on the chancel steps.

Mother robin has six eggs in the nest, and she sits on them all during the church services, not at all disturbed by the congregation or the pealing of the organ.

To commemorate the incident, a red-breasted robin is to be embroidered on a linen cover for the lectern Bible.

What kind of a cat can be found in every library? A catalog.

Peculiar Birds

ANTS seem to get into everything—even the names of birds. Can you get rid of the ants in these jumbled bird names and tell what birds they are?

Ant heaps, Ant gear, Ant rim, Ant ram pig, Ant I lip, Ant high wk, Ant neg, Ant or M or C, Ant Recur K C, Ant etch crag.

Answers will appear next month.

—Alfred I. Tooke

Answers to July Puzzles

TO reach the school house in the "Mary's Lamb" puzzle, use Route 3.

Following is the answer to "Changing Animals" puzzle: 1. Lion, loon, loan, lean, bean, bear. 2. Deer, dear, deal, dell, bell, bull. 3. Wolf, golf, gold, mold, mole, mule. 4. Snake, snare, snore, shore, short, shoat.



In cool green pastures animals gather sunlight and vitamins.

How Animals Keep Well

By Mary Collier Terry

WHEN you are sick or break an arm or leg, someone helps you. When our pets, the dog or the cat, have misfortunes, we do something about it. But what do the animals in the fields and forests do? Every creature out there, must take care of itself when it becomes sick or injured.

Animals have a God-given knowledge of how to doctor themselves, and more than that, what to do to keep well. They know about balanced diets, laxatives and vitamins. They know that sunlight is good for them and that quiet and shade are needed. They know that cleanliness is necessary to good health. They may even know how to set bones! We know that they do recover.

Out in a field of green grass, watch these cows, horses and sheep eat! After a long diet of hay, friend cow instinctively knows that she needs a good supply of green food.

In a certain locality in India where the chief feed of the natives is rice, there was an outbreak of eye disease. Health workers noticed that the monkeys playing around in the trees had no such disease. There was only one reason — they ate the vitamin-high fruits while the natives ate rice which had no vitamins.

Sunlight may be one of the main reasons for so little sickness among the wild creatures.

Watch cats eat green grass, and

especially catnip when they can get it. They know when they are suffering from digestive disorders. Dogs, too, eat certain kinds of grass. They all know the necessity for a laxative. In the wild country, bears eat fruits and certain berries which have laxative action.

Most creatures of the forest could never be poisoned. When an animal suspects that he has eaten a poisonous substance, almost at once his stomach gets rid of the unwanted food.

An animal with fever finds an airy, shady place near water and lies there quietly, eating a little and drinking much cool water.

When an animal gets hurt, he immediately tries to clean the wound by licking it. The saliva acts as a germicide.

Cleanliness in animals is a safeguard against disease. The cat family, including lions and tigers, clean themselves several times each day. Elephants give themselves shower baths. Stags and many other animals bathe in streams. We know birds bathe often.

In the zoo when animals become sick and the keepers fail to recognize the ailment, an assortment of grasses, shrubs and fruits is put before them. Usually, they can find the medicine they need.

Animals know how to keep well—even better than humans know.

New League President

WE welcome to Boston, Carlton E. Buttrick, who has been elected President of the Animal Rescue League of Boston, to succeed Walter J. Dethloff, who passed away last March.

Mr. Buttrick started his career in humane work with the Connecticut Humane Society, where he served as Director of Humane Education. From that position, he moved to Albany, N. Y., where he became Director of Field Service for The American Humane Association. In this capacity, Mr. Buttrick traveled extensively throughout the country visiting existing humane organizations and helping to establish new societies.

He comes to the League well-equipped to deal with the many problems that will face him and we wish him well in his new position.

Mother Goose Rules

By Charles E. Booth

SUPERVISING a flock of hens is a big job for one lonely goose, but in the town of Hebron, Connecticut, there is one that not only takes this responsibility in all seriousness, but in addition, proves that even a goose can possess extraordinary intelligence.

A flock of forty-two hens, representing a 4-H club project in this town, have been awakened long before their usual time of arising since the goose arrived to take over the chicken house. Originally given to the Hebron family as a Thanksgiving gift, she immediately won their affection and was given a home with the chickens. Making herself quite at home, she promptly assumed command. She proved to her new owners that she was no ordinary goose by pulling on the cord which operates the electric light in the henhouse and turning on the light. She makes this a daily chore. To further prove her intelligence, she has formed the habit of rounding up the chickens every day just before egg-laying time, driving them into the house, and standing guard at the door until they begin their cackling. When she is certain that the egg-laying procedure is over, she calmly steps aside and permits the chickens to pass out the door.

Cruelty, above all else, hampers the spiritual progress of mankind.

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Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of _____ dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

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